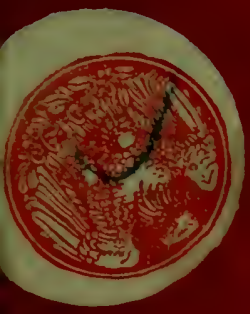

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THE SPIRIT OF OLD HICKORY

DEDICATED TO

THE 30TH DIVISION

(OLD HICKORY--WILDCATS)

LUTHER A. FINK

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LUTHER A. FINK
FORMERLY MASTER ENGINEER, THIRTIETH DIVISION

"THE SPIRIT OF OLD HICKORY"

POEMS OF THE WAR AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

DEDICATED TO

THE ENLISTED MEN AND OFFICERS OF THE
30TH ("OLD HICKORY---WILDCATS") DIVISION

BY LUTHER A. FINK

FORMERLY MASTER ENGINEER, THIRTIETH DIVISION

PRICE, $1.00 NET, PREPAID BY MAIL, $1.10; WHOLESALE
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GEO. L. DOOLEY
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

PS3511
.I57S6
1919

Gift
D. E. Roberts
Je. 16. '20

PRELUDE

The Author was born on a farm near Pioneer Mills, Cabarrus County, N. C., in 1879, and received the old time field school education. He enlisted April 28, 1898, at Charlotte, N. C., in the 1st N. C. Volunteer Infantry, going through the Spanish-American War, with Company A (Hornets Nest Riflemen), and acting as the Army of Occupation in Cuba in 1898 and 1899, returning to the United States in March, and mustered out of the service at Savannah, Ga., April 22, 1899.

Re-enlisted in the 10th U. S. Infantry in 1900 and was returned to Cuba and served six months, being stationed at Mantanzas, Cardenas and Cienfuegos during this period. He was transferred, while stationed at Cienfuegos, Cuba, to the 10th Company Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Moultrie, S. C., where he remained for a year and a half, and was sent with his company to Manila, Philippine Islands, where he finished his enlistment and was returned to Angel Island, San Francisco, Cal., where he was discharged from the service, December 23, 1903.

He was married in 1905 to Miss Edith L. Williams, of Arlington, N. C. He obtained permission from the War Department, and again enlisted to serve his country in the war just ended, April 16, 1917, at Charlotte, N. C., in Company D (Hornets Nest Riflemen), 1st N. C. National Guard; was transferred with his company into the 105th Engineer Regiment, 30th Division (Old Hickory; Wild Cat), September 14, 1917; the company thereafter being known as Company F, 105th Engineers, and losing its identity as the Hornets Nest Riflemen (Company D) entirely.

He was promoted to Sergeant while a member of Company D, to 1st Class Sergeant, while a mem-

ber of Company F, 105th Engineers; also to Master Engineer, December 18, 1917, and attached to Headquarters Company, 105th Engineers, and so remaining until his discharge for physical disability from U. S. Army General Hospital No. 4, Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., September 14, 1918. Thus ended his career as a soldier for his country.

The Author does not claim to be a writer, or poet, and whatever credit accrues to this little work, give credit to the Patriotic Spirit of America (The Spirit of Old Hickory), and not to the writer. The Author has written a large percentage of the selections on this book under restraint, and has left out many truths for purely patriotic reasons; for he understands there are bound to be many mistakes made in prosecuting to a successful conclusion a war on such a gigantic scale as the war just ended was based upon; and he bows his head in reverence to, and cheerfully and patriotically acknowledges the verdict from his Government which says that his career as a soldier is ended, and that henceforth he must support his Government in other ways and in different fields of endeavor.

Reverently,

THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

I have named this little volume "THE SPIRIT OF OLD HICKORY," in honor of the men of the 30th Division.

This book is reverently dedicated to the men of the Carolinas and Tennessee, to each and every man, to volunteer and drafted man alike, who have served their country in this great war for the freedom of all humanity.

The different selections depict the soldier's thoughts, his ideals and his actions under the varying conditions a soldier finds himself in. Almost every selection comes from my heart, and tells you in real words how I felt about things, incidents and situations as they occurred and portrays pretty clearly just how the soldier feels, acts and thinks under varying conditions, and views things in general. The different selections tell you of real situations and solutions of them; of the real life and actions of the soldier under conditions as they actually occur in a soldier's life. In these selections you can view the soldier's life from its true angle and understand better, just what it means to wear the uniform in war times.

The soldiers of America were required to sacrifice more in the present war than the soldiers of any nation previous to the war just ended. Many will dispute this assertion, but I know it is true nevertheless; and I further know that no one can really and truly understand just what the soldier was required to sacrifice in this war, except the soldiers themselves, and I am going to let them tell you of these sacrifices themselves when they return to their homes.

The soldiers thoroughly understood the work required of them, and the way they performed this

work, adds new luster to the Stars in Old Glory and makes our Flag the emblem of all that is glorious and good. I have given in the back of this volume a vocabulary of soldiers' slang, army words and phrases, and foreign words and phrases, which will make it easy for the reader to understand many things they otherwise could not. I have given a short history of the 30th Division, and wish it were possible to give their history in full, for the people at home do not understand that the men of the 30th "Old Hickory Wildcats" Division, really performed one of the greatest and most glorious feats in all history, when they helped to break the famous Hindenburg Line between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

This was one of the most difficult parts of this great system of trenches to break through, and when the 30th Division was thrown into the battle, it was at its decisive stage, and this was the decisive place; failure here meant months more of war; victory here meant the speedy collapse of the great German Military Machine, and its speedy collapse is sufficient proof of the thorough job the men of the 30th Old Hickory "Wildcats" Division did in tearing through this amazing system of entrenchments, the most thoroughly fortified of any system of entrenchments up to this time, and very probably, in all history. Many of my old comrades in the 30th Division have made the supreme sacrifice, and it is with sad heart I remember the names of the men who have fallen for their country, and for the freedom of humanity. May we never forget their heroic deeds; and remember their loved ones, and extend them a helping hand and weep with them in honor of their dead.

THE AUTHOR

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE 30TH (OLD HICKORY: WILD CAT) DIVISION

The 30th Division was composed almost entirely of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee troops.

The National Guard of the states mentioned formed the neuclus around which the different units were organized and formed, and answered the President's call for the mobilization of the National Guard, July 25, 1917. The 30th Division was formed and trained at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., the National Guard being the vanguard of the future strength of the division, and was filled to war strength by drafted men from the states of North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee, except a very few men from far western states. It has been repeatedly mentioned that D. C. men composed a part of this division, but that is an error caused from the first order from the War Department assigning D. C. National Guard to the 30th Division, but this order was rescinded and there were no D. C. men with the 30th.

The 30th Division was trained under General Faison of North Carolina, and owes its efficiency directly to his far-sighted and brilliant leadership, while he was not in command of the division, as the Commanding General at all times, yet he was in direct command, and really trained the division directly, and there is no question but that a great deal of the credit, for the glorious record this division has made in history belongs to General Faison of North Carolina.

It was the 30th Division, Old Hickory's Wild Cats, which helped the 4th British Army to break the famous Hindenburg Line, between Cambrai and St. Quentin, and in the words of Lloyd George—

helped to win the MOST WONDERFUL VICTORY IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

It is well for the people to remember that this was the critical and decisive stage of the great battle, the most momentous, and terrible battle in human history, and it was the 30th Division, OLD HICKORY'S WILD CATS, who really tore through the Hindenburg Line, and paved the way for the final and crushing victory a few weeks later.

An editorial from The Charlotte Observer:

THE THIRTIETH.

"The public praise bestowed on the 30th Division by Field Marshal Haig makes pleasant reading, especially for North Carolina people. This division is commanded by General Faison who was with it from its organization, and under whom it has won honors among the most distinguished of the whole war. The British Commander's letter of praise is sufficient evidence of that fact. It is the "Old Hickory Division" which had a hand in first cracking the German military backbone and it is composed of some of the finest citizenship of North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee. It comes home with a gloriously flying banner."

Editorial in The Charlotte Observer:

General Haig's letter of praise:

With the British Army in Belgium.

Sunday, Nov. 24, 1918—(By Associated Press).—Now that you are leaving the British zone, I wish to thank you and all the officers and non-commissioned officers and men on behalf of myself and all the ranks of the British Armies in France and Flanders, for the very gallant and efficient service you have rendered during your operations with the British 4th Army.

On the 29th of September you participated with

distinction in a great and critical attack which shattered the enemy's resistance on the Hindenburg Line and which opened the road to final victory. The deeds of the 30th and 27th American divisions which took Bellecourt and Nauroy and gallantly sustained the desperate struggle for Bony, will rank with the highest achievements of the whole war.

The names of Brancourt, Bremont, Busigny, Vaux-Andigny, St. Souplet and Wassigny will testify to the dash and energy of your attacks. I am proud to have had you in my command.

WILDCATS WILL SOON BE HOME

(By H. E. C. Bryant)

Washington, Nov. 27.—The Wildcats, the soldiers of the 30th Division, are breaking away from the British Army and may turn homeward soon. They have a glorious fighting record. Marshal Foche, General Haig, General Pershing and others of high rank have praised them.

The North Carolina boys are with the 30th. People here often wonder if their comrades, "The British," recall that the great grandfathers of these "Southern Wildcats" were the men who made Cornwallis hop about Charlotte and peppered the British at Kings Mountain. No division comes from Europe with more laurels than the "Wildcats."

The composition of the 30th as announced by the war department follows: The 59th and 60th Infantry Brigades, consisting of the 117th, 118th, 119th and 120th Infantry regiments. It is probable that the 30th Division also operated as an infantry organization in the big Picardy drive, and did not have its own artillery.

The 30th consists of North and South Carolina and Tennessee troops with a few New York Na-

tional Army men. It is no wonder the Tar Heels and their comrades won the name of "Wildcats."

Men never made sacrifice more generously and patriotically, than did the men of the 30th Division; men never worked harder and more enthusiastically to get ready to vanquish an enemy; men were never more loyal to their comrades and officers, and a more generous hearted, intelligent body of men was never assembled on the face of the earth, than the men of the 30th, "Old Hickory Wildcat" Division.

Men of no country ever returned to their homes with a more brilliant record of achievements; no men could do more than these men of the 30th Division have done to uphold the traditions of their fighting fathers and hold Old Glory high, unspotted and unstained, more glorious than ever, waving its defiance to the enemies of Democracy; and challenging the divine right of Kings and Autocrats and destroying forever the doctrine of Kultur, and that might makes right.

General Pershing's official report of casualties suffered by the 30th Division shows a total of 7,623, divided as follows: Killed in action, 1,168; died of wounds, 283; died of disease, 16; died of other causes, 5; severely wounded, 1,181; wounded, degree undetermined, 805; slightly wounded, 3,973; missing or prisoners, 193; total, 7,623.

The casualties suffered by the 30th Division is ample proof of their fighting qualities, and the nature of the fighting they did in France. The total casualties reported shows that the division suffered almost one-fourth of its entire strength; when at full war strength, or 7,623 casualties out of a full strength of about 35,000 men. These casualties were inflicted from August to November 11th, only about three months and a half of fighting, and at the same rate of casualties, a year's fighting would

have wiped out the entire division. The casualties as shown for the entire division, does not give the reader a clear understanding of the casualties suffered by this division; as most of the casualties occurred among the infantry and machine gun units, and the entire strength of these units in the 30th Division when they left Camp Sevier, S. C., last spring, was about 16,000 men. It is sure that the infantry and machine gun units sustained at least two-thirds of the casualties suffered by the entire division, that being true they would have 5,400 casualties, or nearly 34 per cent. of their personnel, at full war strength. These units were used as shock troops; the highest possible tribute of their efficiency and courage that could be paid them; shock troops are used to break the enemy's resistance where even good troops cannot make an impression, and it will be seen by this that the men of the Old Hickory Division were not among the best, but were of the very best troops in Europe at that time, which should cause every citizen of the states from whence these brave men came, to be very proud of the glorious record of their kinsmen on the bloody battle fields of France; men who have added new lustre to the stars in Old Glory, written a yet still more glorious page in the history of this glorious Southland; added a new meaning to the flag of our Nation, and sealed it with their life blood on blood-soaked battle fields of Belgium and France. Whether they were really named "Wildcats" by the English 4th Army or not, we know they fought like "Wildcats," and wildcats they were to the enemy they opposed, and it is far from us to detract or take away from another, fame that is justly theirs; but even if some other division had taken upon themselves the name of "Wildcats" that does not alter the fact that Old Hickory's "Wildcats" were not real wildcats in

battle and very probably earned that name as reported from their fighting with the 4th British Army between Cambrai and St. Quentin. The 81st Division carried the name of "The Stonewall Division" and if they nicknamed themselves "Wildcats" that is no reason why Old Hickory's boys are not entitled to the same, and "Wildcats" they shall be, at least by the author; and very likely in history.

As history unrolls itself to future generations the heroic deeds and achievements of the soldiers of the army no nation will be eulogized more than the glorious achievements of Old Hickory's "Wildcats" on the shell-torn fields of Europe's historic battle fields.

Reverently,

THE AUTHOR

WHY I AM PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

(Winner of second prize in Trench and Camp Contest, Camp Sevier, S. C.)

I am proud to be an American soldier. 1st, because I am an American, and believe in the Constitution of the United States, and all that it implies; that I actually owe all that I am, and have, to my country, and that I am highly honored to be permitted to serve my country, in such a great and worthy cause.

2nd. Because we are fighting for a principle, and not for conquest; for the freedom of all mankind, and not to enslave them; for the preservation of the liberty of all nations, both great and small; that treaties must be respected; that peace and not might shall rule the world.

3rd. I am proud that I have been endowed with strength, both physical and mental, so that I can participate and share in the final victory over Prussian militarism, and help to bury forever from the face of mankind the hellish doctrine of Kultur, which has caused human beings to murder defenseless humanity in order that such doctrines might rule the earth, and last I am proud to be a soldier of the United States of America in this great war, because I am from America, and believe in all her traditions both now and forever.

A TOAST "TO THE MEN OF OLD HICKORY"

Here's to the men of Old Hickory
For the noble deeds you have done,
For the great and Glorious Victory
The men of Old Hickory have won.

Here's to the Spirit of Old Hickory
Which helped to carry you through,
And helped you to win a great victory
'Neath the folds of the Red, White and Blue.

"TO OUR FLAG"

Here's to the stars in Old Glory;
Here's to its rainbow hue.
Here's to the Red in Old Glory,
And here's to its Sacred Blue.

Here's to The Star Spangled Banner;
To the Flag of our fathers; to you:
We renew our faith and allegience
'Neath the folds of the Red, White and Blue.

"TO OUR MOTHERS"

Here's to our Mothers, we love so,
Who made the Great Victory worth while;
Who gave us to fight for Old Glory,
And sent us away with a smile.

We know of her heart-aches and worries
We know of her sorrows and tears,
We know of her prayers and her fasting,
We know of her fightings and fears.

So here's to our mothers, dear mothers;
Whose tear-drops made the eye burn
Smiling, sent us away to the battle
And will cry whene'er we return.

Allen, N. C., November 28, 1918.

"THEY'RE COMING BACK"

Old Hickory's boys are coming back
From far across the foam;
They'll throw away their gun and pack
And hit the trail for home.
They are coming back; coming back,
And we'll all be there to meet them
Just bet your boots 'twill not be hoots
They'll hear when e'er we greet them.

They are coming back to peace and rest;
They've nobly kept their trust,
And there is no foeman east or west
Dares tramp our flag in dust;
And they're coming back; coming back;
All their duty done,
They did their bit; yes every whit
When they whipped the dirty Hun.

When they put Old Hickory's boys in France
They broke old Hindy's line;
They kicked old Hindy in the pants
And throwed him in the Rhine;
Now they're coming back; coming back;
These boys so brave and true.
They whipped the Hun, the son-of-a-gun,
In darned short order, too.

Old Hickory's boys are coming back,
Victory stamped upon their brow.
They whipped the Hun till he was black
And ended up the row;
So they're coming back; coming back;
To Home Fires burning bright,
Without a fear, to loved ones dear,
To home, and love and light.

Oh, yes; they'll soon be on their way
Across the briny deep,
And when the bands begin to play
We all with joy will weep;
For they're coming back; coming back;
"We thank the God above,"
To friends and home, no more to roam,
To sweethearts, peace and love.

No more they'll strafe the German swine
No more squads right-about;
No more with mess-kits will they dine
No more canned corn and kraut;
For they're coming back; coming back;
These heroes brave and bold,
They come apace; with smiling face
Just like the knights of old.

Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1918.)

COLUMBIA WELCOMES HER SOLDIERS

Columbia's arms are open wide
To fold you to her breast,
A nation's heart o'er-flows with pride
And welcomes back her best.

The hand which the Nation extends to you
Is reaching out over the sea,
To clasp warmly, the hands of her heroes
Who have fought to make the world free.

A warm welcome awaits you, brave heroes,
You, who have so valiantly fought,
Who by giving your life-blood so freely
The freedom of nations have bought.

The home fires are burning more brightly
Your loved ones and friends have been true,
With the hand of the Nation extending
A welcome, glad welcome, to you.

The Flag of our fathers is dearer,
Every stripe, every star and strand,
For the blood of our heroes that stained it
On the shores of a foreign land.

More pride in our land as a Nation,
More pride in the stripes and the stars,
More pride in our English notation,
More pride in our railroads and cars.

More pride in our ships and our sailors,
More pride in our soldiers and guns,
More pride in our soldiers than ever
For handing hell to the Turk and the Huns.

The stars in Old Glory are brighter,
The stripes more wide and more bold;
The hands which uphold it are lighter
And more beauty in hue and in fold.

The Nation it stands for is prouder,
The stars are worth more than of old;
Its voice for world freedom is louder,
Its promise more precious than gold.

The freedom it stands for, more precious
The Autocracy it hates, has less chance,
For the blood of its martyrs is crying
From the valleys and mountains of France.

To the Flag of our fathers; exalted:
To our heroes, brave heroes, to you
We stand with heads bowed and uncovered
'Neath the folds of the Red, White and Blue.

Allen, N. C., November 18, 1918.

THE TAR HEEL SOLDIER

We don't claim to be real soldiers
And we're not aching for a fight,
But we haven't got a yellow streak
And our liver is not white;
And since the dirty Hun,
The son-of-a-gun,
Commenced the fun
You can bet your mon
That we'll help to put him right.

Since this dad-gum war has started
Our mind's all in a trance,
So we'll take our rifle and our pack
And start right now for France,
And since the cussed Hun,
Dirty son-of-a-gun,
Started on the run
Every dad-gum one
Of us must surely take a chance.

And we all must do our level best
And we must not cry or whine,
But crack the Hun upon the head
And kick him across the Rhine,
And with all our might
We'll fight and fight
Both day and night
Till they see the light,
These dirty German swine.

We'll make them throw their guns away,
Hand grenades and gas as well,
And make them wish with all their hearts
That their Kaiser was in hell,
For we'll be on deck
And you can bet by Heck,
That just a fleck,
A tiny speck,
Will be left of them; a smell.

We didn't start this dad-gum war
But you can bet your boots we'll end it,
And since the Kaiser's mind is wrong
We'll teach him how to mend it,
And without his coat
We'll make him tote
His old U-Boat
Out on the moat,
And, by Gosh; he'll have to stand it.

Note—The real Tar Heel is not a hot headed fire eater, by any means, but when you get him started, he is a hard man to get to turn loose. I have written this verse, which gives my idea of the real Tar Heel soldier.—The Author.

OLD HICKORY'S BOYS AND HINDY'S LINE

Old Hickory says:

When the war broke out, I called my boys;
These dear brave boys of mine.
They gave up home and loved ones
And proudly fell in line.

I was careful when I picked them
For I had to have the best,
So I got them down in Dixie
Where they stand the acid test.

They came from the Carolinas
And from the state of Tennessee,
And rallied 'round Old Glory
To help to make men free.

They came from farm and city,
From the mill, the shop and store,
From the far off Mississippi
To fair Carolina's shore.

When the Anglo-French hit Hindy's line
They found a hornet's nest,
So they sent word to General Pershing
To send his very best.

So I sent my boys into the fight
With their faces toward the Rhine,
And told them they must never stop
Until they broke old Hindy's line.

They went right into the battle,
And with bayonet, gas and shell
They tore right through old Hindy's line
And sent his Huns to hell.

Now, since my boys have started in
And have broke old Hindy's line
They will never let old Hindy rest
Until he gets beyond the Rhine.

And if he stops this side of Berlin
He will not have a single chance,
For the boys will take him by the neck
And kick him in the pants.

Now, these boys will keep on going
And will not stop until
They walk the streets of Berlin
And they get old Kaiser Bill.

GOODBYE KAISER BILL

(To the tune of Goodbye My Lover, Goodbye)

Old Kaiser Bill stood on a hill
And watched a big U-boat.
Old Hickory's boys came marching by
And stole the Kaiser's goat.

Chorus:

Goodbye Billy, goodbye Old Kaiser Bill,
Goodbye Billy, goodbye Old Kaiser Bill,
Goodbye Billy, goodbye Old Kaiser Bill,
And it's good, Kaiser Bill.

Von Hindenburg stood on the field
And watched his soldiers fight;
Old Hickory's boys come marching up
And old Hindenburg turned white.

Chorus:

Old Ludendorff was standing by
And saw the sight as well;
When Old Hickory's boys got in the fight
They sent his Huns to hell.

Chorus:

Then the Kaiser turned himself about
And looked the other way;
Old Hickory's boys came marching up
And helped to win the day.

Chorus:

Old Kaiser Bill, he lost the fight
For he had no earthly chance;
When Old Hickory's boys got thru with him
He had holes in his pants.

Chorus:

When Old Hickory's boys got in the fight
They did not quit until
They got the German soldier's goat,
And they got Old Kaiser Bill.

Chorus:

THE SPIRIT OF OLD HICKORY

Old Hickory's boys are coming, France,
And we're coming thousands strong;
Old Hickory's spirit in our hearts
There to help you right your wrong.

We, Old Hickory's sons, are coming,
Coming in Columbia's name;
Coming with grim heart and purpose
Caring naught for wealth or fame.

Caring naught for German terror,
Fearing not his strength nor might;
We, Old Hickory's sons, are coming,
Filled with spirit and with fight.

Be the soil of France our pillow,
Let our mantle be the cloud;
Let our battle cry, be Freedom,
Let Old Glory be our shroud.

We, the sons of Carolina,
And of good old Tennessee;
We, Old Hickory's sons are coming,
That the whole world may be free.

We are leaving friends and loved ones,
But our hearts will not say no;
We are leaving wives and sweethearts,
But their spirits all say go.

We are coming, France; our sister
With dear Freedom's flag unfurled;
With the spirit of Old Hickory
That gives freedom to the world.

KEEP YOUR HEART FOR ME

Though I leave you, little sweetheart,
I will never say goodbye;
For I go to do my duty,
And keep Old Glory waving high.

Though I leave you now, my darling,
For a land beyond the foam;
Dear, I go to fight the German
And my God will send me home.

All I ask of you, my sweetheart,
Is that you will never weep;
Because I go to do my duty,
In a land beyond the deep.

Keep a warm place in your heart, love,
And my darling you'll be true,
For you cannot love another
While I go to fight for you.

While I am fighting for my country,
Love, my thoughts will be of you;
And if I fall in battle, darling,
'Twill be for the old Red, White and Blue.

Sweetheart, keep the letters coming,
For you know I'll miss you, dear;
If you keep the letters coming,
I will feel that you are near.

And I'll know that your dear spirit
Sends a message from your heart,
That your prayers will protect me
Even though we are far apart.

Always keep the Home Fires burning
For 'twill help you to be true;
And some day you'll see your husband
Come marching bravely back to you.

Camp Sevier, S. C., on the eve of my departure for Over There, to my wife.

THE SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART

When the dew falls in the evening
And the stars come peeping through,
And my work and drills are over
Then it is I think of you.

And I wonder what you're doing,
Where you are, my love, tonight;
If you're thinking of your soldier
Who has gone to France to fight.

For his country and his sweetheart,
For the Old Red, White and Blue;
For the flag that stands for freedom,
For the land that shelters you.

Sweetheart, can you love a slacker,
One who is afraid to fight,
When Columbia called her faithful,
One whose heart was filled with fright?

When the call of war was sounded,
One who waved the bloody shirt,
When Old Glory called for soldiers
Hides beneath a woman's skirt.

Though this love sick fool is near you,
And the crop of beaux is light;
Do not let this slacker fool you,
For you could not make him fight.

Sweetheart, let your heart be with me
In the battle and the strife;
Keep your prayers for me ascending
That my God may keep my life.

Send your spirit to be with me
In what ever land I roam;
Keep the Home Fires burning brightly
Till your soldier boy comes home.

September 24, 1918.

Note—Home-Fires is a new word coined from a song written by a soldier in the trenches. The writer of the song of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," has long since made the supreme sacrifice. The word Home-Fires means your heart, your love, the little home affairs, home ties, etc.

IF I HAD OLD KAISER BILL

If I had old Kaiser Bill
I'll tell you what I'd do;
I'd give him barbed-wire underclothes,
And barbed-wire stockings, too.

I'd knit him a barbed-wire sweater
And a barbed-wire tie, as well;
I'd give him a barbed-wire overcoat,
And for a hat, a big church bell.

I'd feed him bombs for breakfast
And give him gas at noon,
Hand grenades would be his supper
And a gas shell be his spoon.

When he wanted to go walking
I would build a bayonet road,
And he'd have to walk it bare-foot
And carry a heavy load.

When he wanted a drink of water
I would give him mustard-gas,
And to satisfy his hunger
I would feed him iron and brass.

If he wanted a drink of lager-beer,
"Still was not satisfied"
I'd give him a drink of chlorine gas
To satisfy his pride.

I'd want to live ten million years
And have nothing else to do
But hunt the very meanest jobs
To put old William through.

And when I'd made him do them all
I would want a vineyard, too,
And a tread-mill for a wine-press
And he'd have all the work to do.

And if he balked at tramping,
Made a whimper or a whine
I'd tie a cannot to his neck
And throw him in the Rhine.

When his lungs got full of water
And his stomach full of sand
And he'd call on Gott to save him,
To put him back on land.

Then I'd call up on long-distance
And when old Satan heard the bell
I'd tell him that his dearest friend
Was on his way to hell.

And to have a hot fire ready,
For he'd be very cold and wet;
And to be very kind to Willie
For he had come to pay his debt.

To make final preparations
For he had come to stay a spell;
He had been too mean to live on earth
And I was sending him to hell.
November 11, 1918.

ARE YOU YELLOW STREAKED?

Have you got a yellow streak
Or have you got the grit
To walk right up and be a man
And do your little bit?

If you haven't got a yellow streak
A running up your back
You'll go right now and volunteer
And carry your old knapsack.

You think your name is now upon
Old Glory's Honor Roll,
But when you go and register
You've only started toward the goal.

For verily it seems to me
That almost any man
Would rather go and register
Than serve time in the pen.

Now where you can find the honor
Is more than I can tell;
You think because you've registered
You've done almighty well.

But again it plainly seems to me
(Since the query has arisen)
It paid the men almighty well
And kept them out of prison.

Now that is all that I can find,
There is nothing else will fit;
You were compelled to register,
You've done your little bit.

Now this is the light we view them in
For in comparing all kinds of eggs
We find upon their being hatched
They are generally featherlegs.

Now what you ought to understand
Is creeks help to make a river
And soldiers help to win a war,
But cowards have white liver.

No war on earth was ever won
By chatter or by talk;
It takes a man to make a soldier,
Will you go, or will you balk?

Why you had rather be a conscript
To me seems very queer;
Go take a bath, and wash your back,
Walk up and volunteer.

You may not have a yellow streak
A running up your back
Because you do not go
And carry your old knapsack.

For many of you are married
And others must stay behind
To care for the aged and feeble,
The decrepit and the blind.

All honor to you, my loyal friends,
I am not flinging this at you;
Stay at home and fight your fight
And help the soldiers through.

Old Glory now is calling you
In accents loud and plain;
Her honor has been insulted,
Will you help wipe away the stain?

Will you walk up and volunteer
And let your presence speak,
Or stay at home and tremble there
And show your yellow streak?

Charlotte, N. C., July 14, 1918.

Note—Written after having prospective recruits tell me that if they waited to be drafted they would not have to go to France, as it was against the law to send men over, unless they were volunteers. I wrote this under excitement, and very soon after wrote the following poem, The National Army," which shows how I really feel about the men who were drafted. A man who is in business in Charlotte at this time, interfered with me when I was trying to get two young men to enlist, he telling them he had a letter from a certain Congressman, stating that it was against the law to send men over seas unless they were volunteers. This poem is a direct challenge to him.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

Of course you did not volunteer
And you're not punching out your chest,
But when it comes to fighting
You'll be found there with the rest.

For there never was an American
When it comes down to a fight,
Who ever showed white feather
With an enemy in sight.

And though the national army man
Will not be a volunteer
He will be there when the fighting starts
And will stay there, never fear.

And wherever they may get him,
From the city or the plain
He'll be there at the battle's end
And will be amongst the slain.

Of course we cannot understand
Why he doesn't volunteer;
But we'll have to hand it to him
For we know it isn't fear.

And wherever they may place him
He'll be there with the steel;
He'll not get scared and run away
And show the Boche his heel.

And since Mr. Boche is aching
For a scrap with Uncle Sam
We'll help this National Army
To smash him into jam.

If there is anyone not satisfied
That the drafted boys will fight,
Just let him step into the ring
And he'll be a holy sight.

And when the war is over
And the boys come marching home,
Singing songs of victory
From bloody fields across the foam.

We'll all forget the difference
Between selects and volunteers
And we'll celebrate together,
And together shed our tears.

And when we're old and feeble
And it's sweet reunion time,
We'll meet and talk together
About a brighter fairer clime.

And the banners and the flowers,
The heartaches and the fun
Will be shared by every veteran
For we're comrades everyone.

July 25, 1917. Charlotte, N. C., while doing recruiting duty.

WELCOME TO THE DRAFTED BOYS

You are welcome, boys, in the Hornets Nest;
We are glad to have you here;
You did not claim to be so brave
Yet we know you have no fear.

I have flayed you selects good and strong
Still I know you are brave and true,
And you'll uphold the sacred cause
And the Old Red, White and Blue.

And now we bid you welcome, boys;
For we know you're of the best
And we are sure you'll be a blessing
To the good old Hornets Nest.

Now I for one; will do my best
To help you selects through.
For we're fighting now, yes, everyone;
For the old Red, White and Blue.

And since Columbia has called you
And you have your pack and gun
We'll all forget the difference
And be comrades everyone.

And you'll be treated fairly
By every true American
For we couldn't do it otherwise
And still be half a man.

So let us all forget the difference
And do our level best
To be true and faithful comrades
In the good old Hornests Nest.

Note—Written for, and presented to the first drafted men to come to Company F, 105th Engineers, at Camp Sevier, S. C., December, 1917.

THE VOLUNTEERS

They have picked us up in Oregon,
They have picked us up in Maine,
They have found us down in Georgia
And out upon the plain.

But wherever they have found us
We are treasures, you can bet,
And if we owe the Nation,
We can fully pay the debt.

We are from the town and country,
From the shop and from the store,
And from every little hamlet
To the far Pacific shore.

We are every race and kindred,
We are black and we are white,
We are here to help Old Glory
To win the world for right.

We are not fighting for our glory
Nor for money, nor for pelf,
But that every one upon the earth
Will have no fear for self.

We are here to help Old Glory
And since we're in the right
We'll let the haughty Prussian know
The volunteers are in the fight.

We have left wives, sweethears, mothers,
Our kindred and our friends;
Our hearts all have one purpose
And with Old Glory blends.

We are fighting for a Nation
That has never known defeat,
And though we die in battle
We will never know retreat.

To our wives, sweethears and mothers
And friends and kindred, dear.
Just do your bit, by being brave
And never shed a tear.

We bid you now a fond farewell
For we're going o'er the foam;
And we'll start the Boche upon his way
And send him hurrying home.

And if we die in battle
Just smile in place of tears,
For we'll die like soldiers ought to die;
Though we're only volunteers.

Note—For Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., January 8, 1918.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Thou little Babe of Bethlehem,
Thou didst not die in vain;
Thy soldiers now are marching on
To wipe away the stain
Of the Hun and Turk's atrocities,
Of the millions he has slain.

Thy face to us, a star of hope,
That shines along the way,
Thy hand points toward Jerusalem
As in the olden day;
Thou wilt help us win the victory
For the Hun and Turk must pay.

For the millions he has murdered,
For the maimed, the halt, the blind,
For the suffering he has caused
To helpless ones behind,
Thou little Babe of Bethlehem
Keep us pure in heart and mind.

Let us not forget the Kaiser
Of this brutish Teuton race
Who butchers little children
Before the mother's face,
And smiles with satisfaction
When his cannon are in place.

To hurl their charge of hell and death
Into thy tabernacles fair,
And find the helpless victims
Who are congregated there
For worship and communion
In the Holy house of prayer.

Thou blessed Babe of Bethlehem
Be our guide, our hope, our stay;
Lead us on to victory
For the Hun and Turk must pay
For all his hellish infamy—
Lord, help us win the day.

Note—For Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., January 22, 1918.

"ARMAGEDDON"

While men go gaily on their way
And children sing and dance
The fate of man is being sealed
On the battle fields of France.

All unconscious of the fact
That either joy or gloom,
Must come of this great test today
Being woven on Fate's loom.

It is either joy or sorrow,
It is either weal or woe,
That must come of this great battle
Where blood red rivers flow.

It is God or Devil, Hell or Heaven,
There can be no other way,
The fate of man is being sealed
On bloodstained fields today.

It is the end, be it good or bad,
Be it victory or defeat;
The armies of our God will win
Or else they will retreat.

It is either peace and plenty,
Or bayonet, gas and shell;
It is either the Anglo-Saxon,
Or the Devil, Hun and Hell.

It is either rape and murder,
Or Christ, and love and light;
It is either God Almighty
Or the Devil, Hun and night.

It is the battle of Armageddon,
It is darkness against the light;
It is Jesus and the Manger,
Or Hell and German Night.

We fear not the great decision,
We care naught for German might;
We throw our all into the fray,
And trust to God and right.
March 24, 1918.

Note—For the Greenville Daily News, Greenville, S. C. I still consider it the decisive battle of this war, and claim that all the different offensives of both belligerents are phases of this battle, and that after this battle ends, there will be no other great battle during this war. I do not claim this is the Armageddon, spoken of in Scripture, but the Armageddon of this war.

FOR THE OLD RED, WHITE AND BLUE

I am sitting in my tent tonight
And I'm thinking of my home;
I am thinking of the time I'll have
When I go across the foam.

When I meet the haughty Prussian
On the battle fields of France;
When I'm in this hell of battle
Just what will be my chance?

Of ever getting home again,
And will they miss me there;
And if I'll do my duty
When fighting anywhere?

Oh! It's nice to shout Hurrah! Hurrah!
And salute Old Glory, too;
And imagine you'll die fighting
For the old Red, White and Blue.

But when you're in the army
And it's time for you to go
It's not the fun you thought it was
To make the daisies grow.

The little wife you've left behind
To wait and pray for you.
Oh, it's not so easy, comrade,
But the old Red, White and Blue

Must surely be protected,
And I'll go and do my best
"Although I'm not so anxious
For the medals on my breast."

My Uncle Samuel needs me,
He needs men tried and true
To uphold the honor of our flag,
The flag of rainbow hue.

So I will go to France light hearted
And will try with all my might,
And if I fall in battle
My God will make things right.

Note—Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., January 15, 1918. Written while sitting in my tent alone one night, when we were getting ready to go over seas.

THE TEST

It may not be on the battle field,
It may not be on the sea,
It may not be in the air above;
"The test for you and me."

It may not be by deeds sublime;
However hard we try
To emulate our father's deeds,
And for our country die.

But it will be by our talk, our work,
And everything we do,
To win this war we cannot shirk,
And to our land be true.

We are out to win, and win we must;
Whate'er our feelings be,
We must not say bad things today,
For the whole world must be free.

To free the world we all must do,
And be our level best;
For the freedom of the world today,
Must come from out the West.

Christ died to free the world from sin,
Let us die to make men free;
Let us go to France to die or win,
And it is up to you and me.

The deeds the other fellow does,
Our trials and our woes,
Must all be laid aside today
For it is comfort to our foes.

You may have your trials and your woes,
But do not cry or whine;
We all must make our sacrifice,
And I am freely making mine.

Note—Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., March 23, 1918.

LOVE, I'M COMING BACK TO YOU

When it's morning down at Greenville
And the sun comes peeping through
And the grass begins to glisten
Like the good old home town dew.

Then I look across to Greenville
And it makes me kind of blue;
When it's morning down at Greenville,
Love, my thoughts go back to you.

When the April winds are blowing
And the air is full of sand,
And I'm hiking up the mountains
And my legs refuse to stand,

I have got to grin and bear it,
I am bound to see it through;
And to make my burden lighter,
Love, my thoughts go back to you.

When it's night-time here in Greenville,
With my gun I walk my post
And do the vigil of the camp
'Till I feel just like a ghost,

Then I look up towards the heavens
And the stars come peeping through;
When it's night time here in Greenville,
Love, my thoughts go back to you.

When I'm sent across the ocean
And I meet the Hun and Turk;
When my hands are torn and bleeding
For I know I'll have to work,

Then I'll cast my eyes toward England
And beyond the ocean blue;
Across the wide Atlantic, love,
To the land that shelters you.

When this cruel war is over
And I'm not compelled to work;
And we've killed up every German
And every murdering Turk,

Then I'll start across the ocean
And you can bet I'm coming through
For my heart has gone before me,
Love, I'm coming back to you.

DO NOT FORGET US

Do not forget us, our dear Uncle Sam,
While we fight for the Red, White and Blue;
Only care for our wives and our loved ones
While we are risking our lives for you.

Do not forget us, dear folks at home,
Keep the Home Fires bright and new;
Keep the letters of cheer going over the foam
While we are risking our lives for you.

Do not forget us, dear Father, above,
When we are in this earthly hell;
When we are in combat with the Hun and Turk
And are facing gas and shell.

Do not forget us, dear folks at home,
We don't want your pity or tears;
But send us the letters out over the foam;
'Tis the letters from loved ones that cheers.

Do not forget us, dear sweethearts at home;
We are risking our all for you.
Let your hearts be with us, over in France,
And remember, dear love, to be true.

Do not forget us, dear folks at home,
We don't mind the risk or the work
If you will see that our loved ones are cared for
We will attend to the Hun and the Turk.

But if you fail to care for our loved ones
While we fight for the Red, White and Blue
You are not being true to your promise
Nor to the flag that is sheltering you.

Do not forget us, our Dear Uncle Sam,
Please care for our mothers and wives
And we'll protect the flag of our fathers
With our whole soul, strength and our lives.

We will shout, work and fight, for Old Glory
And we will keep her beauty unfurled,
And we will carry the Star Spangled Banner
To the uttermost parts of the world.

OUR LOVED ONES AT HOME

We are ready and waiting for Over the Top,
We are ready for over the foam;
And all we ask of you, dear Uncle Sam,
Is that you care for our loved ones at home.

If our hearts seem to falter, dear Uncle,
Still to Old Glory we're true;
It's our loved ones at home we're thinking of, sir;
They are not being cared for by you.

We have heard of the man who'd go over
And leave his loved ones in want and in need,
But you don't want him in battle, dear Uncle,
For he's there for his clothes and his feed.

If you want us to go over, dear Uncle,
And fight with our whole soul and mind,
You will have to send the allotments
To the loved ones were leaving behind.

We will give all we have, dear Uncle,
Just one favor we're asking of you;
Please care for our wives and our mothers
While we fight for the Red, White and Blue.

We will follow the flag of our fathers,
We will give it our heart, soul and mind,
If only we know our dear Uncle Sam
That you will care for our loved ones behind.

It isn't much we're asking, dear Uncle,
While we go fight the Hun and the Turk,
If we know that our loved ones are cared for,
We will not mind the risk or the work.

Dear Uncle, don't make us go over
'Till our loved ones at home can be fed;
If you'll care for our wives and our mothers
We don't give a damn for the lead.

Just care for our loved ones, dear Uncle,
While we shoulder our pack and our gun;
And we'll prove that we're not so ungrateful
By handing hell to the Turk and the Hun.

We know that our mite must be meagre
But dear Uncle, it is all we can do,
If you will care for our wives and our loved ones
We will die or see the war through.

March 22, 1918, Camp Sevier, S. C.

Note—This was never published for patriotic reasons. Written on account of my wife's allotments remaining unpaid.

WE ARE COMING, KAISER BILL

There is a man who lives in Europe
And he has made a funny will;
He has willed the earth to Prussia
This murdering, war mad, Kaiser Bill.

And this demon of destruction
Now has made of earth a hell;
He simply means to own creation,
And the heavens above as well.

This murdering dis-owned son of Satin
Rules and reigns by laws of might
That necessity knows no law,
And by the will of God is right.

Oh, you super-son of Satan
More than master of his will,
We are on our way to see you,
How are you, old Kaiser Bill?

We will greet you with our cannon,
With aeroplanes, gas and shell;
And we'll make you think, dear Willie,
That you have lost your grip on hell.

We will take your tottering heritage
And we'll place it where we will;
We will take your spoils of battle
And we'll make you pay the bill,

Of poor suffering, ravished Belgium,
Of our bleeding sister, France,
Of poor martyred little Serbia,
And we'll take your boasted lance,

And we'll shatter it to fragments,
And we'll shake your tottering throne
Till the Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns
And the Prussians, all are gone.

We will make you pay, you despot,
Who delights in naught but kill;
You bloody blot in God's creation,
Oh, we'll get you, Kaiser Bill.

Call your hosts from on the ocean,
Call them in from west to east;
Call them in, you boastful braggart,
For you're up against the best.

And we'll shake your bravest legions
For we're coming now to kill;
We are coming, dear old England,
And we'll get old Kaiser Bill.

Yes, we'll get this war mad Devil,
For we're coming millions strong;
And we'll learn the Hohenzollerns
That to rule by might is wrong.

We will teach the haughty Prussian
That we still know how to fight,
And we'll get this square head Kaiser
If the good Lord gives us light.

We are coming, Montenegro,
Coming by our Masters' will,
And we'll help to gain your freedom
For we're after Kaiser Bill.

We have wondered why God made you
But now we know why, very well;
He simply made you, baby killer,
To shame the devils down in hell.

You who bayonet little children,
Rape all maidens low and grand;
Carve the breasts from off the mothers,
And made a hell of God's fair land,

We are on our way to see you
(Thief of good Saint Peter's bell)
And we'll show your fiends no mercy
When we ruin your little hell.

We have got the men and cannon,
And we've got the might and will
And we're coming with one purpose
And that to get you, Kaiser Bill.

We have sworn to get you, Willie,
In whatever land you roam;
Yes, we'll get you, baby killer,
Or we'll never go back home.

A SOLDIER AND HIS ALLOTMENT

(Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., March 28, 1918.)

I wish every soldier could realize the great crisis, which our country is passing through today. I made an allotment to my wife commencing November 1st, 1917, and to date she has not received any allotment or Government allowance, yet I am proud to be able to say, that I am more determined than ever I have been before, to go on and help my country win this war.

I applied for a discharge some time back, to General Faison, commanding this division, and he disproved my application for discharge. My grounds for discharge were that my wife had not received any allotment or Government allowance and that she was unable to work and was altogether dependent upon myself for her support, and as she was not receiving the money taken out of my salary for her support, thought I was compelled to have a discharge, and it really looks that way, but I was sent for by the General and when he got through talking to me, I was really ashamed that I had ever made application for a discharge. 1st. I really did not want a discharge, but my circumstances had become such that it seemed that I must have one. My wife had written the General a letter explaining her position, and he took up his valuable time and fully explained things to me.

The subject of why your dependents are not receiving their allotments and allowances is too delicate a subject to be explained here, but if every soldier could hear what the General said to me, they and their dependents would be willing to sacrifice yet a little more, to wait a little longer on the allotments and allowances, and later they would be able to thank God that they did so.

Our country is facing a crisis now, that few in-

deed realize, and if your dependents are not receiving their allotments and allowance on time, or even have not received any at all, remember that the writer and his wife are in the same condition, and that both are willing to go yet a little farther, to make yet greater sacrifices, to wait a little longer on her allotments and allowances, because the General commanding this division took the trouble to explain the reason it was necessary to do so to a soldier. I am glad to say that I am going to make greater efforts, be more efficient and try and make a better soldier than I have ever been, and why: because I know that it is absolutely necessary for the preservation of this great and glorious land called America, that we all claim to love so well. I want every soldier who reads this, to believe me, when I say that I am glad to do my very best, and to make far greater sacrifices if need be, because I realize, as I have never realized before the great sacrifices that are going to be required of every individual in this country, to win the war.

You are going to have to sacrifice, to make your individual sacrifice, whether you are in the army or civil life, don't forget that; and remember that the writer and his wife are willing to make their sacrifices far greater, and to believe that our country needs every sacrifice that it is possible for us to make, in order that it be possible for us to win in this great struggle, against the most powerful, brutish and treacherous nation that has ever waged a war.

Note—I finally had a nervous breakdown, and I attribute it to nothing else but worrying about my home affairs. I was discharged from the service on account of my nervous condition, and though my heart was right, and I wanted to go and do yet more than I had ever done, I could not stand the strain, and my nerves gave way. I shall leave it up to you, gentle reader, why you think I was discharged, and if it could have been avoided.

LIZA JANE'S ALLOTMENT

I made an allotment, little Liza Jane,
Months and months ago,
But you and little Jack ain't got
A single bit of dough,
But you'll surely git it bye and bye;
So little Liza don't you cry,
For Uncle Sam is good to pay
And you'll git it yet, I know.

I don't know what the trouble is
I can't see at all,
I can't see what's a troublin' them
For they surely hear your call;
But you'll surely git it bye and bye,
So little Liza don't you cry
Try and git along till fall.

They certainly must have lots to do
My little Liza, honey;
But some day yet, they'll git to you
With your allotment money
For the time must be gittin' nigh;
So little Liza don't you cry,
When they git used to things
They'll quit bein' so blamed funny.

I took some insurance, little Liza Jane,
In case I don't come back
It will help to pay for our little place,
And build you a little shack;
And you can build it bye and bye,
So little Liza don't you cry,
But take the money and do your best
For little Kate and Jack.

My little Liza, it does seem hard
To leave you and Kate and Jack
Without any allotment money
To go on till I git back;
But the end of the war is drawin' nigh,
So little Liza don't you cry
But keep the Home Fires burnin'
In our little mountain shack.

October 30, 1918.

THE OLD BLUE HAT CORD

(With apologies to S. Woodworth, in Old Oaken Bucket)

How dear to my heart are the thoughts of my hat cord
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The cross guns, the hat cord, the drills in close order
And every loved thing our doughboy days knew,
The hat cord, and cross guns, the friends whom we knew then
Have all gone and left us to the Engineers' fate
The blue hat cord we loved so has sadly bereft us
And e'en the old cross guns are now out of date;
The much loved hat cord, the infantry hat cord,
The old blue hat cord, that suited first rate.

That old blue hat cord, I hailed as a treasure
For often at recall when returned from the drill
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure
When hung on the tent wall to see it at will,
But now it is gone, and with hands that are aching
I take pick and shovel with faltering grasp,

Then my heart with the thought of my hat cord
o'erflowing
Is wanting my hands, the blue hat cord to clasp.
That old loved hat cord, that highly prized hat cord,
That old blue hat cord, that is now gone at last.

Note—Camp Sevier, S. C., October 5, 1917. Written when my Company was transferred into the 105th Engineers Regiment. We were not at all satisfied at first, but very soon were proud that we had been transferred.

LAMENT OF COMPANY D

(Hornets Nest Riflemen)

Our name is gone, and we'll no more
Be known as Company D
But whate'er the name we're just the same
For the Banner of the Free.

We are sons of heroes past and gone
And the name is naught to us,
And we'll uphold the Sacred Cause
Their valor brought to us.

We were proud of old Company D,
With her traditions and her fame;
But we'll stand by F, the name we have,
And make her just the same.

And when on the battle field we stand
And face bayonet, shells and ball,
We'll remember then our fighting sires,
And Old Glory over all.

Camp Sevier, S. C., October 15, 1917.

THE ENGINEERS

When I was in the Infantry
I had one grand good time,
But now I'm in the Engineers
And I'm in the mud and slime.

We have ten thousand things to do
And we never can get done,
We have to work both night and day
And it certainly is no fun.

We have to dig the trenches,
And we'll have to build the boat
We'll use when we go over
To get the German's goat.

We have to hike and do our drill
Just like we used to do,
And a thousand other things on hand
When the Infantry is through.

We have to build the target buts
And carry heavy loads;
In fact just anything at all
Down to making public roads.

We do what horses ought to do
And certainly it is true,
We do a thousand different things
Of things both old and new.

We have to clean our rifles,
And we have to sweep the streets;
We have to build the bridges
And we have to cook our eats.

We have to stay in army tents
Without a bit of heat,
And that's the toughest thing of all
And its almost got us beat.

We have to do our cook's police,
Our guard and other things,
But we don't give a single darn;
No, certainly not, by Jings!

For we are really patriotic
And everything we do
We feel is for our Uncle Sam
And the Old Red, White and Blue.

And as for our Uncle's Engineers
We are glad we're there to stay,
For we had rather be an Engineer
Than a Doughboy, any day.

And we wouldn't near change places
With anyone on earth
For we are fighting for our country,
The land that gave us birth.

And you can bet your last red sou
That as sure as you live
Our Uncle Samuel will get
Everything that we can give.

And when you write your history
You will write in future years
The brightest page you'll have to write
Will be about the Engineers.

Note—Written at Camp Sevier, S. C., upon my Company being transferred into the 105th Engineer Regiment.

WHEN WILL I GET A PAYDAY?

Payday, but no dough for me,
I salute the man who has the dough,
When my name is called,
But ah! oh, no;
There is no mon
For this son-of-a-gun.
And why is it
That I can't git
Just a little bit
To have some fun?

They tell me that my Uncle
Is as busy as can be,
That when my name is called
He cannot hear or see,
And he will not let
Me even get
My fingers on the money
Because 'twill be too funny
And will never do for sonny
For if he gets his dough he'll bet.

Now I want to be a soldier
And I'm doing very well
Getting myself in shape
To give the Kaiser hell,
But without the mon
It is no fun
To work or drill
Real hard until
It gets old Bill
And it's hard on this son-of-a-gun.

They tell me that I'll surely get
Every bit that's kept behind,
That my Uncle's eyesight's getting bad
In fact he's almost blind,
That he's all amaze
And he's got his gaze
Set on the Hun
And not the mon
Nor little son,
And that's my Uncle's ways.

Now my Uncle he is awful fiery
And he will not let me kick
And if I do I know I'll get
A shovel and a pick
And that's what keeps
And gives the creeps
To a man like me
Because you see,
It's Liberty
That's got my Uncle's peeps.

Payday, again is almost here
And will it be the same
Will I get some dough this time
Whenever they call my name?
Ah no, my lad!
Better call on Dad
For nary a dime
You'll get this time
You've got a lime,
For the payroll's just as bad.

Note—Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., January 22, 1918. On account of not getting any pay for two pay days.

PART II.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE RECRUIT'S LAMENT

(Apologies to the original Author)
Oh, I used to be a farmer
On my father's dear old place
And I came to be a soldier
For the glory of the race;
But it's only sweat and struggle
And I wonder what's the harm
For wishing the Lord Almighty
I was back upon the farm.

For it's bugle tootin' mornings,
And it's bugle tootin' night
And the bugle toots me up
A way before daylight;
And it's soakin' when it's rainin'
And it's sizzlin in the sun
And this squad's right, kind of drillin'
Is not a bit of fun.
And they said 'twas all for glory
My good gracious! how they lied;
Told us how us heroes
Would be buried if we died;
But it's only push and hustle
Like a nigger in the mud
When the rain comes down in torrents
Like it must have in the flood.

I don't like these old Cantonments,
Don't think much of them at all
And I hope they'll end the war up
'Gainst the comin' of the fall;
For I don't mind the bullets
They're the least of all the harm
But when it comes to diggin
I can do that on the farm.

MUD

Oh, the mud, the mud, the dirty mud,
The sticky, slimy, slippery mud,
The elastic mud, within, without
The dad gum mud, that's all about.

The mud, the mud, the oozy mud,
The red, the black, the stinking mud,
It's in the fields, it's on the streets
And everywhere you go it meets

The foot of man, the foot of beast,
The infernal mud's from west to east,
From north to south and on and on
When will this blasted mud be gone?

I'm in the mud when I go outside
The mud that will not be denied,
The mud that gets so soft, by heck;
You sink down in it to your neck.

This mud's so sticky and so stout
When I get in I can't get out,
When I go out I can't get in
No matter where the deuce I've been.

The mud is hanging to my feet,
It's in my mouth when e'er I eat,
It's on my hands and on my head,
It's on my face and in my bed.

It's mud, just mud, a sea of mud,
I'm afraid it's getting in my blood;
The earth to a sea of mud has grew
I wonder if heaven is muddy too.

Now what are we ever going to do
For we're in the mud and can't get through.
Dear old Sol please show your face
And run this dad blamed mud a race.

Note—For Greenville Daily News, Greenville, S. C., February, 1918. Written when the mud was so bad we could hardly get out to do our necessary training.

IT'S 'ELL ON THE RANK AND FILE

When the boys went forth in ninety-eight
To the queen of the antilles
I was with the good old Hornets Nest
And was proud, sir, if you please.

Again I donned my uniform,
And in the year nineteen and three
I got my Buzzard in my hand
And from the rank and file was free.

I have done my bit in Cuba
And on a far Pacific isle;
But now I'm down in Greenville
And it's 'ell on the rank and file.

Why a soldier isn't anything
Since this bloomin' war began,
While before the war he was some joy
To some good American.

Has got me all bamboozled
And I'm guessing all the while
Just why it is that is must be
Always 'ell on the rank and file.

And now I'm in Charlotte
To see my wife and child,
But still dear friends it's ditto
Always 'ell on the rank and file.

My Uncle Samuel's busy now
A tryin' to keep house,
And he's so tarnation busy
He can't furnish me a blouse.

Now I'm not kickin' 'bout the goods
The quality or style,
But I can't get a blouse to wear
And it's 'ell on the rank and file.

For I meet a blasted Provo
Most everywhere I go;
And if my blouse is missing
It'll go hard with poor old bo.

But that's their orders, and of course
I'd like to be in style
And have a good warm blouse to wear
For it's 'ell on the rank and file.

Now it is very queer to me
And a very solemn thought
That I must wear an army blouse
When it's something I haven't got.

Whose fault it is, I do not know,
That it has got to be the style
That I must wear this army blouse
And it's 'ell on the rank and file.

Now because I haven't got a blouse
I am halted on the street,
I am halted in the alley ways,
And on every Provo's beat.

Of course I know it's orders
And has got to be the style,
But this old town is home to me
And it's 'ell on the rank and file.

Charlotte, N. C., October 10, 1917.

Note—I was in Charlotte on pass from Camp Sevier, S. C., when this was written. We were not equipped with blouses at this time, and the General in command at Camp Greene had issued orders that no one was allowed on the streets of Charlotte without wearing a blouse without a special pass. This worked a hardship on the soldiers who were not equipped with blouses, and at this time, the army was not anything like one-half clothed, or equipped.

BREAD WILL WIN THE WAR

We are in this war to win it
And we're going good and stout,
And we know it's almost over
For the bread is giving out.

Raise your soldiers by the millions,
Make your warships good and stout;
But your efforts will be useless
For the bread is giving out.

Make your cannon by the thousands
Make your guns and aeroplanes,
If you haven't got the foodstuffs
All your work will be in vain.

You can make ten million rifles,
And machine guns that will spout
But why go to all the trouble
When your bread is giving out?

Soldiers cannot eat the warships,
Cannon doesn't make good bread
And the aeroplanes won't nourish
When from hunger you're half dead.

Mass your men, mass your cannon,
Have your warships all about,
But this great war doesn't need you
For the bread is giving out.

All your little ones are hungry
And starvation stalks about,
And you cannot fight much longer
For your bread is giving out.

We have got the men and cannon
And we have the ships and planes,
And we have the bread and foodstuffs
That will break old hunger's chains.

That this war will soon be over
We have not the slightest doubt,
For the soldiers can't keep fighting
When the bread is giving out.

Note—For Trench and Camp, Camp Sevier, S. C., February 16, 1918, by request.

THE QUEEN CITY

Hurrah! Hurrah! For the Old North State,
Hurrah! for her people grand;
Hurrah! for the city of the Hornets Nest
Who for honor and justice stand.

Yes we'll shout a thousand glad hurrahs
And wish we could make it more,
For every Sammie is welcome there
And is welcome at every door.

Hurrah! for her mothers brave and true
Who have sons who have gone away
To uphold the cause of Liberty
And drive the murdering Boche to bay.

Hurrah! for her daughters proud and fair,
With hearts as true as steel,
Whose sweethearts now are marching on
To make the German reel.

Hurrah! for all her people grand
Who with all their main and might
Are trying now with all their hearts
To treat us Sammies right.

Charlotte, N. C., October 1917.

Note—Written while on pass to see my family. Noticing the great difference in the way that Charlotte people treated the soldiers stationed at Camp Greene, to the way we were treated at Camp Sevier, S. C., I wrote the above poem to show my appreciation for what they were doing.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE A HORNET?

Wouldn't you like to be a Hornet
And go with Company D,
And have your friends for comrades
When you go across the sea?

You may not think you need them
Just at the present time
But you'll long and pray to see them
When you're in the mud and slime.

When shells are bursting o'er
And your nerves are giving out
It will be a mighty blessing
To have your friends about.

When your tongue is parched and thirsty,
When your life is near the end
You'll need your friends for comrades,
'Tis then you'll need a friend.

Don't you want to be a Hornet
Even though a little late,
They didn't shirk their duty
In the war of ninety-eight.

We didn't meet the Don of course,
But we'll tell you if you please,
We stood the test, the acid test,
Bad rations and disease.

Don't you want to be a Hornet
And stand up like the rest,
And meet the German like a man
With the brave old Hornets Nest?

I am proud to be a Hornet
And I'm glad that I'm not late,
And I'm proud that I was with them
In the war of ninety-eight.

Yes we'd be glad to have you
As our friends and comrades dear;
The friends we've known around our homes,
The men who have no fear.

Oh! we'd be proud to have you
When we go across the foam,
And if we fell in battle
You would send our message home.

Come, go with your friends as comrades,
You are welcome with the rest,
To be a Tar Heel Volunteer
In the good old Hornets Nest.

Charlotte, N. C., June, 1917.

Note—Written to stimulate recruiting, while trying to recruit Company D (Hornets Nest Riflemen), to war strength.

THE HORNETS NEST

I am not brave, nor even strong,
But one thing I can prove
I am not waiting on the Draft
To get me on the move.

I may be yellow streaked,
May have white liver, too;
But this I know, I love my Flag,
The dear Red, White and Blue.

I am not waiting on the Draft
Because I'm needed now,
I take my all and lay it down
And before Old Glory bow.

And in after years when I am old
And my hair is silvery white,
I can look back with pleasure
And the spot in life most bright.

Will be the thought when Columbia called
I did not shrink with fear,
But gave myself, my life, my all,
A Tar Heel Volunteer.

And now I'm proud, can't help but be
Because I'm with the best,
For there never was a shirker
In the brave old Hornets Nest.

Charlotte, N. C., June, 1917.

Note—Written for the purpose of stimulating recruiting, while trying to recruit Company D (Hornets Nest Riflemen), to war strength.

MY GOOGOO GIRL

(With apologies to Kipling in Mandalay)

By the moss grown church at Niac,
Looking lazily at the sea,
There's a googoo girl a sitting
And I know she longs for me.

The wind blows through the palm trees
And I think I hear her say,
Come you back, you Americano,
Come you back to me today.

Her petticoat is yellow,
Her camissa, it is green,
And her nombre is Teresa,
My chocolate colored queen.

I see her a smoking
An evergreen cheroot,
And wasting dainty kisses,
On a dirty nigger's snoot.

When the mist was on the ricefields
And the shadows coming slow,
She would get her little banjo
And sing so soft and low.

With her arms around my shoulders
And her cheeks pressed close to mine,
We used to watch the warships
Sailing up Cavite line.

But I have left it all behind me
And it's miles and miles away,
And there ain't no mobiles running
From here to Niac Bay.

And I'm learning in my old home
What the three-year soldiers say,
When you hear the East a calling
You cannot stay away.

I am sick of wasting leather
On these gritty paving stones
And the blasted sleet and drizzle
Wakes the fever in my bones.

Ship me somewhere west of Frisco
Where the best is like the worst,
And there ain't no ten commandments
And a man can raise a thirst.

For the Niac bells are ringing
And 'tis there that I would be
With my Googoo girl at sunset
Gazing lazily at the sea.

Manila, P. I., 1903.

TO MY BROTHER ON HIS MARRIAGE

We send you warmest greetings
And may God bless your life,
And make a happy husband
And a true and loving wife.

May you ever prosper
And may you ever be
As happy as the one
Who writes these lines to thee.

You must have thorns with roses
And you will find that in this life
If you expect the thorns with roses
You will be happy as man and wife.

But if you expect to gather roses
And find no thorns between
You will find that life's a failure
And then the sad refrain.

Oh, where are all life's roses,
Oh, life, where is the joy
That was strewn beside my pathway
When I was a happy boy?

Your roses are faded and withered
And your joy has turned to pain,
And you have no place that others
May find a place to reign.

But I pray that God may bless you,
That your roses never fade;
That in life you'll have all sunshine
And never any shade.

May your life be one of pleasure
May your virtues ever shine,
This is all the joy I wish you;
Be your wife as good as mine.

Atlanta, Ga., 1907.

IN MEMORY OF A SCHOOLMATE

In a few more months, dear friend,
I will sail across the foam,
And will see the friends of boyhood's day
And my good old country home.

My heart is light today, dear,
My soul is gay and bright,
For sweet memories come rebounding
And my sorrows take to flight.

As I read your sweetest missive
And glance o'er it again,
A fairy's wand makes life grow bright
And there's no place left for pain.

As I think of you today, dear friend,
Although so far away
The earth is gay and bright
And my night is turned to day.

Your letter carries back my mind
To my home beyond the sea
Where mother dear is sitting
And watching now for me.

I heard the mailman's lonely tread
As it echoed o'er the lea,
And as I sat and listened
He called mail out for me.

It was a schoolmate's letter
From a land beyond the foam
And it brought to me sweet memories
Of my schoolmates and my home.

Please write another letter
That will bring to me the joy
That your other letter brought
To a sad and lonely boy.

If you only knew the pleasure
That your letter brought to me
You would write a letter every day
To your friend beyond the sea.

Old Bethel's bells are ringing
And 'tis there that I would be
With the friends of childhood's day
Who are waiting there for me.

Note—Written while a soldier, in the Philippine Islands in 1903, on account of receiving a letter from one of my schoolmates whom I thought a great deal of.

THOUGHTS OF CHILDHOOD

Oh, how well we all remember
Days we spent in childhood's bliss,
Of the barefoot days in springtime
And our dear old mother's kiss.

Of the growing fields of cotton
As they bloomed all snowy white,
Of the foot tub and the water
As we washed our feet at night.

Of the old spring by the meadow
With its sparkling fountain cool
And the old gourd hanging by it,
Idly hanging by the pool.

Of the mock-bird in the orchard,
Warbling out his silvery note,
Sitting there in kingly splendor
Imitating every throat.

Of the katydid and locust
As they sang in hot July
When the katydid was singing
We all knew that frost was nigh.

When we heard the locust singing
In the summer's day so hot,
We were looking for fair weather
When the weather-man was not.

Of the golden waving wheat-fields
Shining like a lake of gold,
Ah! the thoughts of happy childhood
Take us back to days of old.

As we sat still in the twilight
Listening to the whip-poor-will
We would watch the lightning playing
In the clouds beyond the hill.

We would watch each flash of lightning
As it played across the sky,
And we'd wonder if the storm-cloud
Could come faster if 'twould try.

And we'd wonder in the morning
If we'd have the corn to hoe;
If it rained while we were sleeping
Whether to the creek we'd go.

And when waking in the morning
(Seeing that it rained that night)
We would go and dig the fish-worms
For we knew the fish would bite.

Oh, how gladly did we dig them,
Dig these little worms for bait,
Get an old tin can, and put them
There to squirm around and wait.

'Till a turtle or a craw-fish
Nimbly eased the baited hook,
Of its precious tempting dinner
For the minnows in the brook.

And at night when we were sleepy
Mother putting us to bed,
And her voice so gently asking
If our prayers had yet been said.

Oh, how dearly I remember
My old mother, as she'd pray
With me kneeling there beside her
Teaching me these words to say:

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Kneeling there beside my mother
With no other thought but sleep.

And the thoughts of dear old mother
The childish prayers she learned to me
Always gives me thoughts of heaven
And I hope 'twill always be.

'Though I stray from heaven's pathway
'Though my mother then be dead
I can ne'er forget the prayers
That she learned me at my bed.

And I hope while I am living
That I'll ne'er forget the place,
Where I learned to say My Muvver;
Looking up into her face.

And I'm sure when I'm straying
From the path my Savior trod,
That the memory of my mother
Will always lead me back to God.

And I hope that I'll remember
All my mother taught to me
As she taught me by my bed-side
With my head upon her knee.

Charlotte, N. C., 1917.

"THE NEGRO IN THE WAR"

This book is written and dedicated to all soldiers, of all colors; and is a tribute to the Negro soldier, just as much so as to the white soldier. There is no question but that the negro race performed one of the most unselfish and beautiful acts of heroism in all history, in the war just ended, by supporting their Government with their good-will, energy, devotion, money, substance and their lives; "so freely and lavishly given to uphold the hands of their Government, and help to win the greatest and most colossal war in human history; to help to make free, peoples and nations; who at the time were comparatively as free as themselves" without murmuring, asking no reward and expecting none, except the reward of good conscience which comes to all who do their whole duty, to their fellow men, their country and their God.

History records no traitor among the negro race,

which is as great a tribute as is possible to pay them; and is sufficient proof that the negro is a loyal, patriotic citizen and a true and faithful friend.

There are some foolish, irresponsible, ignorant people who contend that the negro is an inferior being, the fact there never has been a traitor among the negro race, together with such men of the race, as Fred Douglass, Booker T. Washington and others, just as intelligent, progressive and patriotic as the men of any race, is ample proof of the fallacy of such foolish assertions.

The part the negro played in the war just ended is ample proof that he is just as patriotic, equally as brave a soldier and fully as self-sacrificing as his white comrade, and disposes of forever the undue, unmerited idea "of some foolish people" that the negro is an inferior being.

Such men as Bishop George W. Clinton, Thad L. Tate, Henry Wearn and many others of the race in our own city, fully as intelligent, progressive and patriotic as any citizens of the city is sufficient evidence of what the negro is capable of accomplishing, if given the proper opportunity and encouragement.

I for one am patriotic enough to say that I have found the negro to be a loyal and patriotic citizen and a true and faithful friend, and fully deserving of all the confidence we can bestow upon him as a race and a people.

That the negro fully performed his every duty in the present war is without question and nothing we can say or do, can detract from or take away the imperishable honor and glory he has won for his race by his heroic acts and deeds of self-sacrifice on the fields of battle, fighting by the side of his white comrades.

That the negro has not all the privileges he deserves, no sane, fairminded person will contend;

that he proved himself just as patriotic, self-sacrificing and brave at home and on the battle fields, as his white comrades, there is no one who will try to evade or deny; that being true the negro deserves more privileges; justice in the courts; justice in every way; we must meet this issue squarely, fairly, for it is an issue, a great issue, and must be disposed of with justice to all peoples and all races concerned.

Very truly yours,
THE AUTHOR

TO MY NEGRO FRIENDS

Be proud ye lowly black man
Though you were not built for grace
There never was a traitor
Among the Negro race.

When your country needed soldiers
You did not shrink with fear,
But proudly stepped into the line
And bravely answered, Here.

On bloodstained fields in far off France
Your courage had its test,
And every Negro soldier there
Proved equal to the best.

And when the war is ended
And you come marching back
We will love you as we ought to
Even though your skin is black.

Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1918.

Note—Written while a patient in the hospital at this place.

THE HORNET YELL

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Re,
We're the boys of Company D,
Hip La, Hurrah! we're of the best,
The boys of the good old Hornets Nest.
Hip, Hip, Hurrah, Hip, La Hooray!
Three cheers for our Captain, brave old John A.
Hip, Hip, Hurrah! away with snarles,
Three cheers for good old Billie Charles.
Hip, La, Hurrah! you may feather and tar us
But we'll still stand by Lieutenant Morris.
Hip, La, Hooray! we're soon away
Across the ocean blue;
We're a happy band and all will stand
And to our land be true.
And when we come back to this old shack
Our friends will be there to meet us,
And bet your boots 'twill not be hoots
You'll hear when ere they greet us.

Charlotte, N. C., July, 1917.

Note—Written to stimulate recruiting while trying to recruit Company D (Hornets Nest Rifiemen), to war strength.

THE UMPIRE'S BROOM

When you are at a ball game at the park
You may holler, squeal or fume,
But be very, very careful,
Don't touch the umpire's broom.

That broom of his is sacred,
It is worth its weight in gold;
It is a friend in need, a friend indeed;
To our umpire brave and bold.

You may call him names, spit in his face
And tell him of his doom;
But be very careful, friend of mine,
Don't touch the umpire's broom.

If you ever touch this sacred thing
Better put it back in place;
For if you don't the chances are
You will likely have a race.

And if we lose the pennant,
In the darkness there will loom
The image of this little pet,
The umpire's old whisk broom.

The boys get mad and fuss and fume,
And at times get very cross
They start a kick, try to make it stick,
But they find the umpire's boss.

I can see the secret of it all
In letters large and bright,
You must let the umpire's broom alone
If you want to win the fight.

Charlotte, N. C., 1907.

Note—Written when Lave Cross was managing the Hornets, and it seemed they had a chance for the pennant at this time.

One of the umpires who called games at Latta Park had a whiskbroom he used in brushing off the home plate, and when he would get worried at the players for disputing his decisions, he would grab this broom and brush the plate off whether it needed brushing or not, and this always ended the controversy.

TIGER HUNTING IN CHARLOTTE

Of all the jokes you ever heard
This tiger hunting's best;
They catch the little tigers
But let the big ones rest.

Look out you dirty niggers
And all you white trash, too;
They are after little tigers
And are hunting now for you.

But the very largest tigers
From the hunters here are free;
They hunt the little tiger
'Till they run him up a tree.

This tiger hunting's getting
To be a first class joke;
They pass by all the large ones
And catch the little bloke.

The best place in the city
To set a tiger snare
Why any one can tell you;
It is Independence Square.

Now of course these gallant hunters
Want to live and not to die;
So they pass by all the large ones,
But the small ones are their pie.

Why the greatest tigers living;
Even children knows their lair;
They are all about the corners
Of Independence Square.

Now these gallant tiger hunters
Pass the Square and lift their hats,
They could never see a tiger now;
For they are as blind as owls and bats.

They have no time to hunt them
These tigers grand you know;
And if they'd really catch one
'Twould most break up the show.

Just watch these tigers grinning,
These tigers fierce and fair;
They show their fangs to every one
On Independence Square.

For it is understood by every one
Down to dogs and pussy cats,
When the tiger hunters reach the Square
They all go blind as bats.

Charlotte, N. C., 1908.

Note—Written on account of the Blind Tigers, doing an almost open business in Charlotte at this time. Practically all the drug stores sold whiskey illegally at this time.

MY NERVES

You may talk about your nightmares,
Your hobgoblins and your ghosts,
But you'll never know the mysteries
That my nervous system boasts.

It makes my blood go rushing
Like a torrent through my heart,
Just as I'm dozing off to sleep
To rouse me with a start.

It makes me hear some awful sounds
When my heartstrings break away,
Then I know my heart is tore in two
And will have no more to say.

Of course I'm dead, I'm bound to be
For my heart has stopped I know,
Then I will lie and try to die
But my pulse keeps on the go.

Why I did not die just then
Is more than I can tell
But I cannot live so very long,
I am sure I can't get well.

But the doctor says it's all a bluff,
And tells me if I try
My very best to be a corpse
That still I cannot die.

Now I suppose it is a fact
That my nerves are all awry
For I have done my very best
And still I cannot die.

I'm ashamed to tell the honest truth
But I guess it's only right,
I have tried so many times to die
That I really believe it's fright.

Note—Written while in St. Joseph's Infirmary, Atlanta, Ga., in 1907, while being treated for a nervous trouble.

IN MEMORY OF MY WIFE

Why is life more dear to me
Than it ever was before?
'Tis because I have some one to love
And some one to adore.

Some one to soothe my aching brow
When fever's raging high,
Some one to laugh when e'er I laugh
And cry when e'er I cry.

Some one to share my pleasures
My sorrows, weals and woes,
Some one to love me dearly,
Some one to hate my foes.

Some one to share life's every pain
And to share its every joy;
How could I help being happier now
Than wen I was a boy?

And may God bless and keep us
Both now and ever more,
That we may meet and loved ones greet
On that bright Eternal Shore.

That is why my life is dearer
Than it ever was before
'Tis because I have a help mate
To worship and adore.

Note—Written just after my marriage.

THE BUCKEYE AND THE CRACKER

Who is it that makes our fun,
Who is it that spends their mon?

Ask anyone, you'll find a backer
It's the Buckeye and the Georgia cracker.

Red Hazlett and Clarence Blume
Are the life of number three squadroon.

They are in the army as a packer
This Buckeye and this Georgia cracker.

When the drills are over, duty done,
Blume and Hazlett are out for fun.

When they find a man in his bunk asleep
They immediately toward him start to creep.

And whether he is asleep or drunk
They turn him clean out of his bunk.

When other lads are feeling blue
These two boys turn up anew.

They are full of life, like all young boys
And share alike their woes and joys.

Soon with these dear friends I'll part
But still will keep them in my heart.

And now dear friends, I'll be the backer,
Adieu to Buckeye and the Cracker.

Manila, Philippine Islands, June, 1903.

Note—Written upon my being discharged form the army; in memory of two very dear comrades.

A HITCH IN HELL

I am sitting here a thinking
Of the things I've left behind,
And I hate to put on paper
What's running through my mind.

I've dug a million trenches
And I've cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner job this side of hell
I am sure cannot be found.

But there is some consolation,
Listen to the tale I tell,
When I die I am bound for heaven
For I've done my bit in hell.

I've built a thousand kitchens
For the cooks to stew the beans;
I've been on guard ten thousand times
And have helped to build latrines.

I've washed a million messkits,
I've peeled ten million spuds,
I've made ten thousand blanket rolls
And I've washed my dirty duds.

There is lots of other things I've done,
But I'm not going to tell;
But I'll do my bit in heaven
For I have done my bit in hell.

When St. Peter bids me welcome,
And the bands begin to play
I'll draw a million canteen checks
To pass the time away.

Note—I am re-writing this, so that it will do for publication. The original was somewhat too drastic for publication. The author of the original is unknown, but it is supposed to have been written by some soldier on the Border in 1916. The soldier is almost compelled to kick, and this is written to show how absurd some of his kicks really are. After all is said, the soldiers' kicks as a rule do not amount to anything, and he quickly resents anything of like nature from an outsider, or civilian.

THOUGHTS OF DIXIE

(To my Wife)

When it's morning up at Porter
And the lake begins to shine,
Then my thoughts go back to Dixie
And my heart begins to pine.

For the girl I left in Dixie
For the dear old home town dew,
And the joy I left behind me,
Love, I'm coming back to you.

When it's night time here at Porter
And the zephyr's gently blow,
And the stars begin to twinkle
With a brilliant after-glow—

Then my thoughts go back to Dixie
To you dear heart so true,
When it's night time here at Porter,
Love, my thoughts go back to you.

When it's noonday up at Porter
And the sun is shining bright
On the waters of Lake Erie
Still my heart cannot be light.

For my thoughts are down in Dixie
Of thee, dear land so true,
Oh, the home town bells are ringing,
Love, I'm coming back to you.

Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1918.

WHY I HATE A SPOON

When they put me in a Nut Ward;
They said, crazy as a loon
They took all my belongings
And handed me a spoon.

With a spoon I eat Slumgullion
And cut my meat and bread,
Oh, I'll hate a spoon, both late and soon
Till the day that I am dead.

Why can't I have a knife or fork
" 'Twould be a blessed boon,"
But, Oh, you nut, you're in the rut
And we'll feed you with a spoon.

Oh, spoon, spoon, spoon!
I hope to very soon
Forget the name, Oh, very shame
The accursed Nut Ward Spoon.

Even though my brain has been astray
And sadly gone a'roam
I will surely throw the spoons away
Whenever I get home.

So wifey, dear, do not forget
For home I'm coming soon,
And of all the names on earth I hate
'Tis spoon, spoon, spoon, spoon.

Wifey, dear, hide all the spoons,
Hide everyone away,
For if I find a spoon about
I surely will not stay.

Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1918.

Note—We were not allowed anything but a spoon to eat our meals with on account of having many patients who were mentally wrong in this hospital, and to have allowed patients to have used knives and forks, etc., would have been dangerous.

MY UNCLE SAMUEL

My Uncle Samuel gently said,
My son come unto me
Old Glory needs her faithful sons
To uphold our Liberty.

We owe a debt to France, my son,
A debt for our Liberty,
Come help to pay our debt to France
'Neath the banner of the free.

I bade my wife and friends adieu
And shouldered pack and gun,
Took the burden on myself
To go gunning for the Hun.

But think of where I am today,
What my Uncle did to me,
He slammed me in a nut ward
'Neath the banner of the free.

First Letter—
He wrote my wife a letter
And this is what it said,
Your husband cannot fight the Hun
For he's got wheels in his head.

I have done my best to cure him
But it seems there is no chance,
So I will keep him in a nut ward
While his comrades go to France.

It will be no burden to him
For he is crazy as a loon
He doesn't know the difference
'Twixt morning, night or noon.

Second letter—
Dear Madam F——, I am getting old
And I have so much to do
It seems I made a big mistake
I have discovered something new.

Your husband is not nutty,
In fact he is very bright,
And I will have to use him
For I need men now to fight.

Of course I am very sorry
But I know you will not mind
As I cannot see so very good,
In fact I'm almost blind.

And though I thought him nutty
I can see now very well
That he is just the type of man
To give the German hell.

And though you need him badly
I cannot consider that;
I have him, and I'll keep him
Just pin that in your hat.

Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1918.

Note—Written after the Hospital Board had found that I was sane, and had meant to give me domestic duty.

FOR MY FLAG

Although I've done my very best
To help to make men free,
My Uncle Samuel kicked me out
And this is what he said to me.

My son, I am very sorry,
But you cannot earn your bread.
Your soldier days are over,
You've got wheels in your head.

But I know better, and although
My soldier days are through;
I love my flag, the dear old rag,
The old Red, White and Blue.

And if my Uncle ever needs me
On land, sea, or in the air,
I will help to hoist Old Glory high
And keep her waving there.

Very truly yours,

LUTHER A. FINK,

Ex-Master Engineer, 105th Engineer Regiment, 30th Division, United States National Guard.

ARMY SLANG; WORDS AND PHRASES

Chow—To eat; anything to eat.
Spuds—Potatoes.
Angel Food—Rice.
Punk—Bread.
Sow-belly—Bacon.
Salt-horse—Corned beef.
Slum—Beef stew.
Slumgullion—Beef stew.
Plum Duff—Rice and raisin pudding.
Belly Wash—Coffee or tea.
K. P.—Kitchen, or cooks police.
Cooks Police—Kitchen helpers.
Kitchen Police—Kitchen helpers.
Pack—To carry; a soldier's equipment carried strapped to the shoulders.
Hobs—Hob-nail shoes; any kind of shoes.
Tin Hat—Helmet.
Gat—Revolver, or automatic pistol.
Civie—Civilian.
Civies—Civilians, or civilian clothes.
Civie Clothes—Civilian clothes.
Canteen—Army store.
Post Exchange—Army store.
Kale—Money.
Long Green—Money.
Two Bits—Twenty-five cents.
Put—Pay up.
On Tick—On credit.
Jaw Bone—Credit.
Up the Pole—A pledge not to drink intoxicants.
Bobtail—Dishonorable discharge.
Walking Post—Doing Guard Duty.
A Guard Post—A section, a guard covers, in doing guard duty.

Ditty Box—Small box a soldier uses to keep utensils in for cleaning clothing and equipment.
Sentry—A soldier doing guard duty.
Sentinel—A soldier doing guard duty.
Provost Guard—Soldiers used to maintain order about camp, and in the cities nearby.
A Sentry's Beat—Distance covered by a soldier doing guard duty.
Retreat—Bugle call in evening, when colors are lowered and all duty ceases, except guard duty, etc.
Reveille—Last bugle call in the morning before falling in line for morning roll call.
Taps—Last bugle call at night, summoning all soldiers to bed.
Mess Call—Bugle call, announcing meal time.
Recall—Bugle call, announcing end of drill or labor, etc.
Rush the Growler—To drink; to become intoxicated.
Bull—Bragadocia; not true.
Jane—A lewd woman.
A Skirt—A woman.
In Dutch—To get the ill will of.
Cooler—Guard house.
Jigger—Guard house.
C. O.—Commanding officer.
The Top—First Sergeant.
Rookie—A recruit.
The Lute—The lieutenant.
Sarge—Sergeant.
Corp—Corporal.
Dough Boy—An infantryman.
Saw Bones—An army doctor.
Hitch—Term of, as of work, or guard duty.
Hike—To walk, or march; a long practice march.
Wind-Jammer—A trumpeter, or bugler.

Sore-head—A grumbler.
Dog-robber—Soldier who tries to stand in with the officers.
Buck Private—A private soldier.
A Buck—A private soldier.
Mule Skinner—Soldier who drives a team, or works in a corral.
Pill Roller—A soldier in the medical department.
M. P.—Military police.
Buzzard—Discharge.
Ticket to Heaven—Discharge.
French Leave—Absent without leave, or desertion.
A. W. O. L.—Absent without leave, or authority.
Fatigue Duty—Labor; cleaning up around the camp.
Bunk Fatigue—A rest on one's cot or bunk.
Buck—To be antagonistic.
Buck for Orderly—To give clothing and equipment an extra cleaning, when going on guard duty; the cleanest soldier is chosen for orderly, for the Colonel, for that term of guard duty.
Old Guard Fatigue—Labor; cleaning up about camp, the day after doing a term of guard duty.
Old Soldier's Walk—A long sleep and rest on one's cot.
Old Fogey—An old soldier; a soldier old in the service.
To Soldier—To do as little as one can, to not get a reprimand.
Turning the Papers—To play poker, or cards.
Stud Poker—Poker played with the first card; face down.
Draw Poker—A game of cards, generally played for money.
Looking at the Hole Card—Playing stud poker.
Rattle the Bones—To shoot; or play craps.
Rolling the Bones—Playing craps.
Shoot Craps—To play craps.

Black Jack—A game of cards called, "The Army Game."
Bogey—A five-year term in the army.
Feather-Legged—Cowardly.
White-Livered—Cowardly.
Yellow Streaked—Cowardly.
Cold Footed—Cowardly.
Got No Guts—Cowardly.
Got the Guts—Got the grit.
Bighty—The hospital.
Squirrel Factory—St. Elizabeth insane asylum.
Lizzies—St. Elizabeth insane asylum.
Squirrel Food—Foolish talk.
Nutty—Foolish; insane.
Nuts—Foolish; insane.
Loco—Foolish; insane.
Knocked Off—Killed in action.
Make the Daisies Grow—Killed in action.
Cooties—The old time body louse.
Sniper—An expert rifleman.
Hand Grenade—A small bomb, thrown by hand.
Grenadier—Soldiers who throw hand grenades.
Sapper—Men who dig trenches toward the enemy.
Dug-out—A deep excavation, dug for shelter from high explosive shells and shrapnel.
Over the Top—Going out of the trenches into battle, but latterly, going into battle.
Machine Gun Nest—A heavy concentration of machine guns in one locality.
Strafe—To kill.
Home Fires—Loyalty at home to the soldier at the front; love, devotion; pleasant memories.
Trench Mortar—A short heavy cannon used to throw shells from one trench in to another.
Mine Thrower—A machine used to throw heavy charges a short distance.
Kamerad—Comrade; friend.

Central Empires—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey.

Entente—England, France and Russia; but since the beginning of the war, all countries arrayed against the Central Empires.

Teutonic Nations—Meaning the countries of Germany and Austria-Hungary; largely used in speaking of the Central Empires since the war.

Hohenzollern—The Emperor of Germany; succession to the throne of Germany.

Hohenzollern Dynasty—The same as Hohenzollern.

Prussia—Germany proper.

Prussians—Natives of Germany.

The Dual Monarchy—Austria-Hungary.

Barrage—An intense artillery bombardment, the shells falling in a line.

Creeping Barrage—Intense artillery bombardment, the guns all firing at the same angle, or elevation, making the shells fall in a line, and the elevation gradually increased or decreased, as the case might be, making the shells fall in a line either nearer or farther away, so that troops can follow near where the shells are falling, and be protected from the enemy.

Big Berthas—Large German cannon; the name being derived from Bertha Krupp, owner of the Krupp Gun Works, in Essen, Germany.

Tommy—An English soldier.

Poilou—A French soldier, meaning unshaven.

Yank—An American soldier.

Sammy—The name given the first Americans soldiers who landed in France.

Bosche—German soldier, or civilian.

Fritzie—German soldier or civilian.

Hun—German or Austrian soldier or civilian, but truly a Prussian soldier.

No-Man's Land—Land in dispute between the enemy and attacking army.

Liquid Fire—A gaseous fluid projected from a container, carried on the back through a hose, and ignited at the end of the hose by an electric igniter.

Teuton—A German soldier, or civilian, but largely used in speaking of the peoples of any of the Central Empires.

Teutonic—German, or Hungarian, but truly, the Hun.

The Bear—Russian soldiers, or people or the Russian Nation.

The Slavs—The Russians.

Little Father—The Czar of Russia.

Hungarians—Natives of Hungary—not Huns.

Hapsburg—The Emperor of Austria-Hungary; succession to the throne of Austria-Hungary.

Hapsburg Dynasty—Same as Hapsburg.

Anglo-French—English and French.

Anglo-Americans—English and Americans.

Franco-Americans—French and Americans.

The British Empire—England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and the colonies.

Great Britain—Same as British Empire.

England—Same as British Empire.

Brittania—The Flag of the British Empire.

Britain—Great Britain.

The Sick Man of Europe—Turkey.

The Balkan States—Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece.

Dardanelles—The narrow strip of water, including the Sea of Marmora, connecting the Mediterranean and Black seas, and separating Europe from Asia.

Bosphorus—Same as Dardanelles.

RANK OF SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY

The rank of each soldier is given in order:

Private, 1st Class Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, Mess Sergeant, 1st Class Sergeant, 1st Sergeant, Sergeant Major, Regimental Supply Sergeant, Regimental Commissary Sergeant, Master Sergeant, Master Electrician, Master Engineer, 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier General, Major General, Lieutenant General and General.

Plain Sergeants are called line Sergeants, and all have the same rank. Supply Sergeants and Mess Sergeants have relatively the same rank as line Sergeants. 1st Class Sergeants and 1st Sergeants have the same rank. Sergeant Majors, Regimental Supply Sergeants and Regimental Commissary Sergeants have relatively the same rank. Master Sergeant, Master Electrician and Master Engineer are all relatively the same rank, either being as high a rank as an enlisted man can hold in the army.

In the Medical Department the rank is as follows:

Private, 1st Class Private, Ward Master, Corporal, Sergeant, 1st Class Sergeant and 1st Sergeant for enlisted men, and the same for officers as in the army.

Enlisted men in the infantry can only have rank as high as 1st Sergeant; in the Engineers as high as Master Engineer; in the Signal Corps, as high as Master Electrician; in the Quartermaster Department, as high as Master Sergeant.

In the Artillery a Master Gunner ranks with Master Engineer; in the Engineer Corps, all others rank as in the Infantry, with a possible exception or two among Non-Commissioned Officers. The rank of

all enlisted men and officers in the Cavalry is the same as in the Infantry.

The rank of all enlisted men and officers is the same in the Marine Corps as in the Infantry, except they all rank a few grades higher in the Marine Corps than men of the same rank in the Infantry.

All men in the Army or Marine Corps, ranking from 2nd Lieutenant to General, are commissioned officers.

All men in the Army and Marine Corps, ranking from Corporal to Master Sergeant and Master Engineer are Non-Commissioned officers. All men in the Army and Marine Corps, below the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, are enlisted men, from 2nd Lieutenant to General, are commissioned men, or officers.

Band-master is the same relative rank as Master Engineer, etc.

The following are the units in order of the organization of the army, and by whom commanded: Squad, commanded by a Corporal; Platoon, by a Sergeant or Lieutenant; Company by a Captain; Battalion, by a Major; Regiment by a Colonel; Brigade, by a Brigadier General; Division, by a Brigadier or Major General; Corps by a Major General; an Army, by a Major General, Lieutenant General or General.

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